

FOR BENO—

Thomas Outt

Unlike war followed by peace
You left me with despair
Followed by despair.
An unaided refugee
Camped alone
Deprived of misery's love.
Only dramatic-absurdist thoughts
My friends whose entertainment
Endowed the inane with exalted abstractions.
Yes, sight rendered the dying
Hyacinth distressed victim
Stoically endured to the pre-chartered course.
Shots destroyed, followed by death
I left with despair
Followed by despair.

